

PUCK.



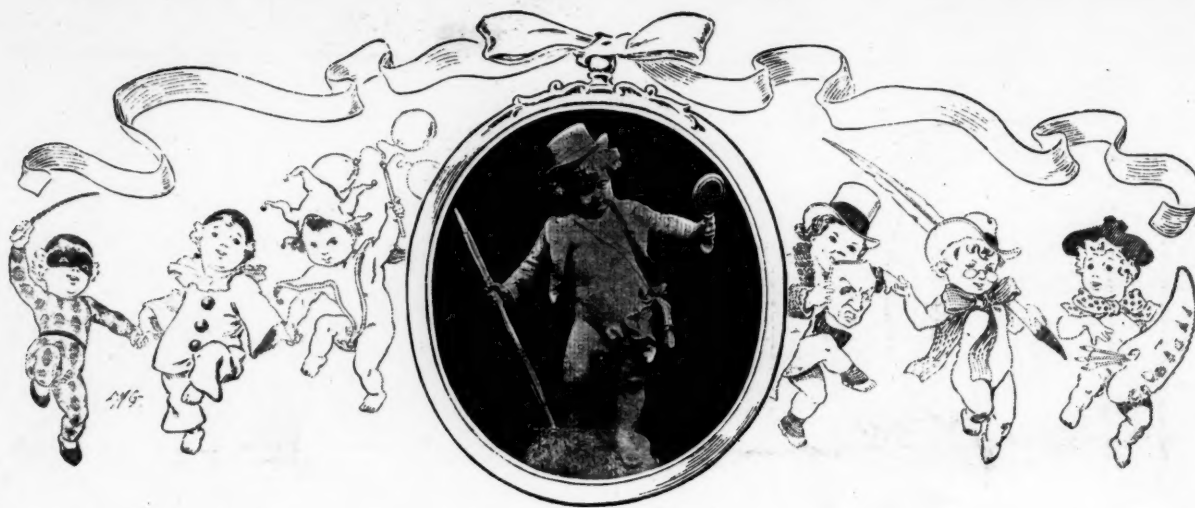
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JAPAN.—I see your Cruisers and raise you a Dreadnought!

PUCK



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE Constitution follows the flag, and Standard Oil follows the Constitution. If there is land at the Pole, and it contains crude-oil deposits, Heaven help the poor Eskimos!

JUDGE GAYNOR, who is a farmer in Summer, would like to have the politicians see his pigs. He thinks it would teach them to be honest and straight—the politicians, not the pigs. It would also teach them the principle of protection to home industries.

MISS WRIGHT, sister of aviators Wilbur and Orville, rides in an aeroplane without fear, but she hates to enter an elevator. Well, there is this to be said of an aeroplane: It never gets stuck between floors.

MRS. SAGE is willing to give \$500,000 to the Methodist Church for the purpose of spreading the Bible all over the world. We suggest to Mrs. Sage and the Methodist Church that, instead of spreading the Bible all over the world, they concentrate on that portion of it known as the Golden Rule, and spread that broadcast over the United States. You have to read a long way in the Bible before reaching the Golden Rule, and a good many folks, we fear, have missed it.

SOME people are never satisfied. A New Jersey serenader complains because the serenadee threw a seltzer bottle at him. Did he think she was going to hunt around for a champagne bottle?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S decision in the Ballinger-Pinchot row has determined pretty conclusively whether or not the Roosevelt policies have lapsed.

APPARENTLY they imagine—those fellows who have been resuscitating the Democratic Party—that the donkey has as many lives as the cat.

BAILEY is being boomed for President—in Texas. Bailey will be elected too—in Texas.

CHARLES W. MORSE, the former financier, is now resting in Bath, Maine. Many people who invested in the Morse manipulations are now working ten hours a day.

THOSE who are up in such things now claim that Methuselah's age, instead of being 969 years, was really but 78. This is the biggest slump on record since Flower died and B. R. T. hit the slide.

THE person lately arrested for writing begging letters to capitalists had a large suite at a hotel, five children, two governesses, and a wife with nervous prostration. He was a very complete letter writer.

FRANCE is testing a radio-automatic torpedo which can go at a speed of twenty knots and be steered for five miles by means of Hertzian waves. It is now up to the Peace Congress to devise means whereby this murderous instrument may be made to harmonize with the humane niceties of civilized and enlightened warfare.

NOW THAT Upton Sinclair believes in vegetarianism and uncooked food, *The Sun* at once discovers the doctrine to be dangerous, demoralizing, and damnably socialistic.

THE GENTLEMAN who died from laughing at a newspaper joke was probably reading an editorial in some New York daily against salacious plays.

ROYALTY rules by divine right, but an American heiress has been created a part and parcel of royalty in order that she may more conveniently marry a prince. Thus in these degenerate days money gets one in right, even with the Almighty.



THE BATTLE OF THE BILLBOARDS.

PUCK



IN THE FASHIONABLE SUBURB.

"Well, my little man, what are you crying for?"
 "My motor—*Boo-hoo*—has broken down, and I've got to walk to school—*Boo-hoo-o-o!*"

HUMOR IN HER ANECDOTAGE.



YOU'LL understand the thing was planned
 By a lady who lived at A—,
 She wanted to vex the Doctor of X—,
 Who visited sisters in J—;
 So she winked at Q— and the E—
 of U—,
 And turned to old General D—,
 (But never once thought how her action
 had caught
 The eye of the Bishop of B—).

"The M— of Z—," she smiled, "at G—
 Was starting for H— in his car,
 Commissioned to sell (by a lawyer in L—)
 To C— in the village of R—
 A club owned by men (who resided in N—
 But frequently motored to T—.)"—
 "Oh f— and p— y—, v— w— i—
 K— s—!" laughed the Bishop of B—.

ENVOY.

*Which may not be funny (it's probably not; I'm sure it
 sounds stupid to me!)
 But think of the ages it's brightened the pages of magazine
 humor—q. v.*

Horatio Winslow.

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

PERHAPS it was n't good for man to be alone, but
 all the same there were several things to consider.
 Now that the established order has had a chance
 to work itself out somewhat, we can see more clearly,
 and nobody, most likely, is going to deny that short
 stories such as the magazines are willing to buy could
 get themselves written a lot easier if there were no
 women waiting to read them.

The literary man at least will wonder why it was necessary
 to make him work so hard to achieve always the heart interest cul-
 minating unerringly in the happy ending.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

"LET HIM but love me—I make no conditions!" said the virgin
 who was very foolish indeed.

"He must love me for myself alone!" said the virgin who
 was n't quite so foolish.

But the virgin who
 was least foolish said:

"He must love me
 in spite of myself!"

It is man, how-
 ever, who proposes,
 and he is n't so easily
 scared off by fool-
 ishness as by some
 other things.



MODERATE.

"THER'RE rich?"

"Middling."

"Eh? What's that?"

"Well, so rich that she can
 dress as well as she likes, but
 not so rich that he can dress as
 badly as he likes."

WISEACRES.

THE wisdom of the wise is no
 doubt a fine thing, but
 evolution seems to want it tempered by the folly of fools, otherwise
 there wouldn't be so many of the latter. Wisdom is wise, but it is
 also timid; folly is foolish, but it is also bold. A thousand years
 ago angels would have feared to tread where now we all walk in
 security, thanks to somebody having rushed in notwithstanding.

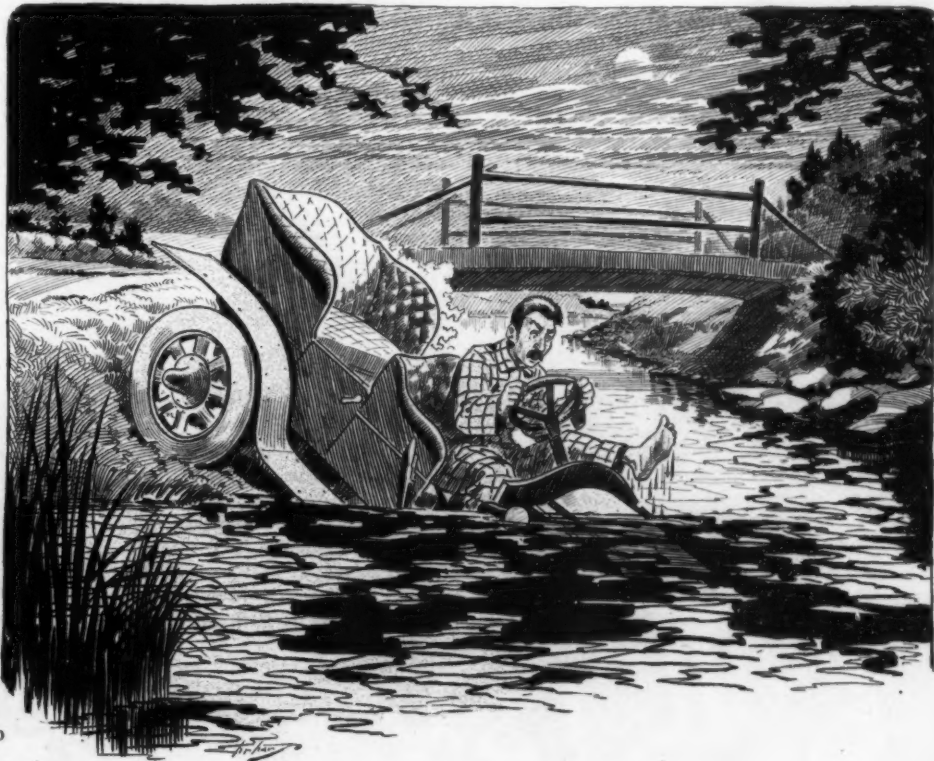
WRONG METHOD.

He breathed his vow, yet still she
 regarded him with disdain.
 "It is from my heart of hearts!"
 he protested.

"Where did you go to school, that
 you breathe from your heart of
 hearts, rather than from your dia-
 phragm?" she demanded severely.

THE ULTIMATE.

LET the Tariff traders figger
 How to boost our burdens bigger,
 There's a limit to what even they've presumed;
 There'll be pause for due reflection,
 In this riot of Protection,
 When the Ultimate Consumer is—consumed.



THE SOMNAUTOIST.

PRESENT-DAY SUCCESSOR TO THE SOMNAMBULIST.

The old-fashioned man of letters, whose letters mostly contain bills he can't pay, is not, however, an extinct species.

THE DEGENERATION OF WASHINGTON GIVINS.



DOWN there on the Panama Canal, while I was boss on the La Ronda section, a muckraker by name of Washington Givins blew in and got to pokin' 'round in the cook-house and seen me and our cook, old Bill Andrews, confabulating, and shadowed him and me on several private expeditions, with the result that he wrote an article, and it was a corker.

You know you can't keep men good-natured 'less you feed 'em well, and they won't work well if they're cross. And you can't do general cooking without aigs. You can beat up snow for a substitute some, but there ain't any more snow in Panama than there is in—well, there ain't any. There had n't been no aigs to speak of on the Canal for a number of months, and all the camps was kickin' on grub. All but ourn. Old Bill Andrews, somehow, he had sponge-cake, custard, floatin'-island, lemon-pie with frostin' on it, and all such. Our fellers was happier and worked better 'n any on the Ditch. But good things don't allus last. One day I heard a big noise at noon, and there was all the boys crowded 'round headquarters with Tom Riley as spokesman.

"Here!" says Tom. "This here low hound of a Givins has put a piece in his paper to the effect that cooking at La Ronda is done or did with snake aigs."

"That's right, boys. No use keepin' it from you. He sure tracked Bill and me while we was gatherin' 'em. Them pancakes this mornin' that tasted like them mother used to make was beat up with boa-constrictor aigs. That cream-puddin' last night that would have done honor to Delmonico, or Tiffany, or any of them New York artists, was made of moccasin aigs; while that prime angel-food, light as a feather, was made—I won't try to keep it from you—from the first batch laid by a likely pullet of the Fer de Lance tribe—most deadly serpent they is. Bill and I done the best we could for you."

"We know it, George," said Tom. "We ain't mad at you, but at Givins. What'd he want to tell for, the miserable cuss? But he's made us dreadful uneasy. Feel queer in our innards. He uses a lot of scientific facts that make a feller apprehensive. He says races vary accordin' to food. Mankind agrees pretty generally in the character of its food. Yet there's quite a difference between the rice-eatin' Asiatics and the wheat-eatin' Europeans. Olive-eatin' Eyetalians has olive complexions, and beef-eatin' English is florid. Abyssinians are a Caucasian nation, but by eatin' the fruit of the carob and the butter-ball tree they become black.

"Says he: 'Adventurin' out of the time-honored dietary of the race and eatin' the serpent, not for an occasional relish, as we have eaten snails and turtle, but for constant consumption, in fact, buildin' the culinary economy upon it in one of its principal essen-



IN THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE.

OLDEST INHABITANT (to passing acquaintance).—Ah, Señor, it is nothing to the shock of 'eighty-three.

tials, aigs, brings more than danger of serpentification. An aig,' he says, 'is the animal in a compressed form, the essence, the compendium of all it will develop into. Eatin' snake aigs is, therefore, worse than eatin' snake meat. The unfortunate force of La Ronda, fed this long time on snake aigs, is gradually assoomin' many of the mental and physical characteristics of snakes. It is unmistakable. All I ask is that the Government at Washington act.'"

"Do you believe this?" says I.

"Well, Jim Heddles took a drink of whisky this mornin', turned chalk white, and said: 'Tom, that snake-bite remedy went against me. First time in forty-one years. I surely am afraid that cuss is right, and we've been gittin' snakeified.'"

"All right," says I. "In my capacity of justice-of-the-peace I'll sentence Givins for two months on charge of defamation of character, and we'll feed him on snake aigs exclusive, and find out

OUR CELEBRATED SENSE OF FAIR PLAY.



ON THE STREET.

THE CROWD.—Lettim alone! What do you mean by hittin' a little fellow? Shame! Lynch him! Mob him!



AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

THE CROWD.—Come on, Sluggem! Come on! Now you gottim! Fall on him! Gettim hard! Knock th' wind out of him!



AN UNKIND MIRAGE;

OR, WHY THE EASTERN CANDY DID N'T GET TO THE RANCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

what'll happen. If he becomes snakeified, that'll show he's innocent. If not, he'll be guilty of knockin' the Canal, and the Canal is something Roosevelt and Taft started, and so I reckon the courts would decide that was treason with the penalty of death. Put him in the calaboose, and in the meantime don't git nervous."

I changed my mind on some things after thinking a little, but I put Givins in jail. That night something happened that made me and Bill Andrews as happy as a pair of bullfrogs. Next day we begun givin' Givins his diet. He beefed.

"You've got me foul," says he. "I've got such a hearty

appetite that I just must eat, and I've got to eat what you give me and it'll spoil my whole life. That omelette soufflée, them meringues, them aigs à la Marengo, and that aig soup, they look and smell so good and I'm so hungry that I must eat 'em, and finally become a man-snake."

At the end of the week Givins was spending several hours daily doin' contortions. End of two weeks, he'd curl up in the corner and lie perfectly still, eyes unblinkin'. End of 'nother week, we threw in a small rabbit, and hanged if he did n't manage to swallow it whole, and then he lay still for two whole days.

Then I fetched in an ash bough and shook it at him, and he squirmed from one side of the cell to t'other. Spoke for the first time in a long while. Says he:

"If you are bound to kill me by forcin' me to touch and inhale this plant, I shall sell my life dearly. A bite from me would not be pleasant."

I called in Bill Andrews.

"Bill," I says, "did or did not a tramp steamer come to port last week bringin' two dozen hen-birds on the for'ard deck?"

"Yes," says Bill.

"We rowed out and bribed the watchman and stole 'em," says I.

Then I swore Tom Riley and Jim Heddles, and they deposed that they collected aigs from them hens every day, see 'em cooked, and personally fed 'em out to Givins. He was the most surprised feller you ever see.

"Ain't I a snake?" said he, flabbergasted, an' beginnin' t' catch on. "No," says I. "You're a Rhode Island Red."

Wardon Allan Curtis.



RESTING!

"Yesterday, Mr. James Fitz-Montague created the lead in a new film for the Knockabout Amusement Company."—Dramatic Item.



THE HOLD-UP.

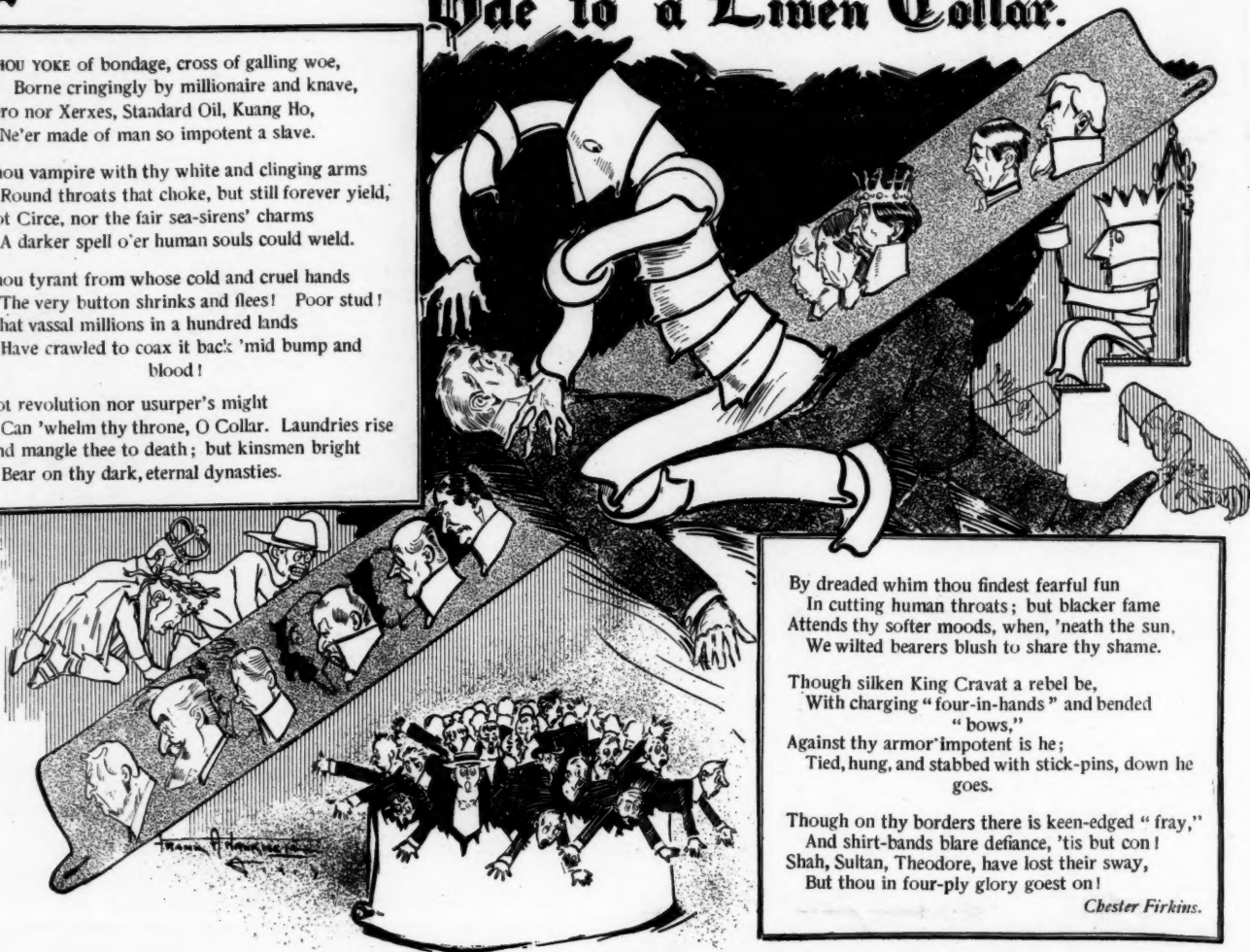
Ode to a Linen Collar.

THOU YOKE of bondage, cross of galling woe,
Borne cringingly by millionaire and knave,
Nero nor Xerxes, Standard Oil, Kuang Ho,
Ne'er made of man so impotent a slave.

Thou vampire with thy white and clinging arms
Round throats that choke, but still forever yield;
Not Circe, nor the fair sea-sirens' charms
A darker spell o'er human souls could wield.

Thou tyrant from whose cold and cruel hands
The very button shrinks and flees! Poor stud!
What vassal millions in a hundred lands
Have crawled to coax it back 'mid bump and blood!

Not revolution nor usurper's might
Can 'whelm thy throne, O Collar. Laundries rise
And mangle thee to death; but kinsmen bright
Bear on thy dark, eternal dynasties.



By dreaded whim thou findest fearful fun
In cutting human throats; but blacker fame
Attends thy softer moods, when, 'neath the sun,
We wilted bearers blush to share thy shame.

Though silken King Cravat a rebel be,
With charging "four-in-hands" and bended
"bows,"
Against thy armor impotent is he;
Tied, hung, and stabbed with stick-pins, down he
goes.

Though on thy borders there is keen-edged "fray,"
And shirt-bands blare defiance, 'tis but con!
Shah, Sultan, Theodore, have lost their sway,
But thou in four-ply glory goest on!

Chester Firkins.

MRS. JONES'S NEW COOK.

THE character of the new cook as reported to various persons by Mrs. Jones:

TO MRS. SMITH, whom the cook has left because of too much "company":—"Really, you know, Mrs. Smith, she is a perfect jewel. I can't understand her attitude with you in regard to 'company'. You know we've had extra people to almost every meal since she's been with us, and she has never raised the slightest objection."

TO THE COOK HERSELF:—"Really, Mary, I don't want to be a hard taskmistress, but I think that your flat refusal to do the ironing this once, now that my extra woman has disappointed me, is rather unkind. I'm just a little disappointed in you."

TO MR. JONES:—"I must say I've had better girls. She gets the work done, but she's awfully slovenly. This morning I found that she's been in the habit of sweeping the dirt from the kitchen behind the stove, instead of taking it up. She's got a pretty bad temper, and I'm somewhat afraid of her. She talks back something awful."

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW:—"You know I have a way with my hired girls, Jane. Mary don't dare say much to me; I won't stand for it."

TO HER MOTHER:—"I'm having an easier time with Mary than with any girl I've had almost since I was married. I hope I can keep her a long time."

TO MRS. BROWN, who has inveigled Mary from Mrs. Jones by the promise of higher wages:—"My hired girl, Mary, has gotten a new place, and I'm so glad. I was going to discharge her to-morrow, anyway. She can't cook, she's uncleanly, and she has a temper like a ter-

magant. She made life miserable to me while she was in the house. . . . Oh, is it to you she's going? I'm so sorry—I did n't know, and I do hope that nothing I've said will make you regret your choice of a new girl."



HIS AMBITION REALIZED.

AFTER CAREER OF JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

THE SARTORIAL PARALLEL.

OBSERVATIONS made on Mrs. and Mr. Yewandie by Miss McPeck, *etat* 53, who lives directly opposite:

SHE WORE:

HE WORE:

Monday: Nile-green frock; velvet toque; black shoes; white spats; dark-green parasol.

Gray suit; black derby.

Tuesday: Mulberry princess; peach-basket hat; chatelaine bag.

Gray suit; black derby.

Wednesday: Lavender creation; buttons slightly off-side, tan shoes; chapeau with aigrette.

Gray suit; black derby.

Thursday: Black velvet gown, heavily beaded; plush hat; black gloves.

Gray suit; black derby.

Friday: Blue skirt; swallowtail coat; high collar; heavy-soled shoes; Boston bull.

Gray suit; black derby.

Saturday: Pink chiffon; picture-hat trimmed with ostrich plumes; Oxfords; white parasol.

Gray suit; black derby.

Sunday: Old-rose dress; Belle of Mayfair poke; white shoes.

Gray suit; black derby.

THE PARABLE OF THE PEBBLES.

ONCE UPON a time a very wise lady saw a chicken eat a pebble. Then the wise lady told what she had seen, with additions. "A strict pebble diet is the only thing for chickens," affirmed she. Not until the poor birds had died by thousands did the people realize that because one chicken eats one pebble once, all chickens do not want their entire diet to consist of pebbles.



THE HUMAN DREADNOUGHTS.

"And hark ye, Jeremy Dawson, the time will come when for light marching order no man will be girt with more than two hundred and fifty pounds."



THE FACTS AT LAST.

NOBLE BRIDEGROOM (*triumphant in his fortune hunting*).—Wis all thy worldly goods I me endow.

TRUTHFULLY CHRONICLED.

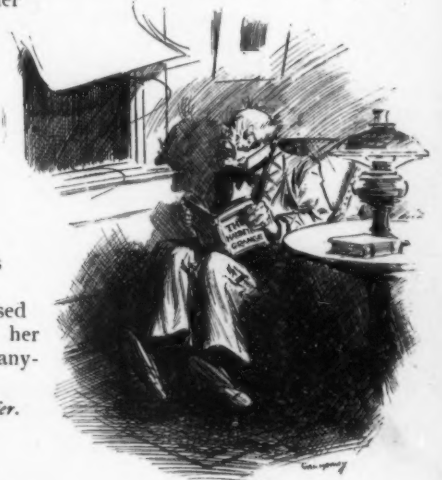
THE EDITOR of the *Scotia Chronicle* is determined that at least one wedding shall be written up truthfully, so here goes:

A very homely wedding took place last night at the mortgaged home of Gamaliel Gault, of Burdock Lane, when his thirty-five-year-old daughter, Miss Helena Gault, was joined in legal and lawful wedlock with Jeremiah Fisher, an old widower of Fisher's Landing.

The bride took her part well for one totally inexperienced. She was clothed in the ordinary and inconspicuous garments of her sex, while the groom wore his best store-clothes, which cost \$10.39 in Albany three years ago. Old Fisher needed a wife to take care of the house on his old farm, and Helena has wanted a man for lo! these many years. The minister who tied the knot does not guarantee that it won't slip, or that it can't be cut; but does guarantee their right to live together without scandalizing the neighborhood or causing undue talk. He got his fee, which was \$2, and was darned glad to get it.

Old man Gault is mighty pleased Helena is wed. He did not give her away, but would have long ago if anyone had asked for her.

D. C. Shafer.



QUEER.

QUEER THINGS happen to all of us. We give our health into the keeping of men who batten on our ills, and what is the astonishing result? Why, there's more sickness than ever. Would n't it jar you?

INTERESTING MOMENTS.

At 12:15, when the window-curtain shoots up, just as you are approaching the most blood-freezing part of your favorite ghost-story.

There are three prices: Regular price, bargain price, and appraised value.



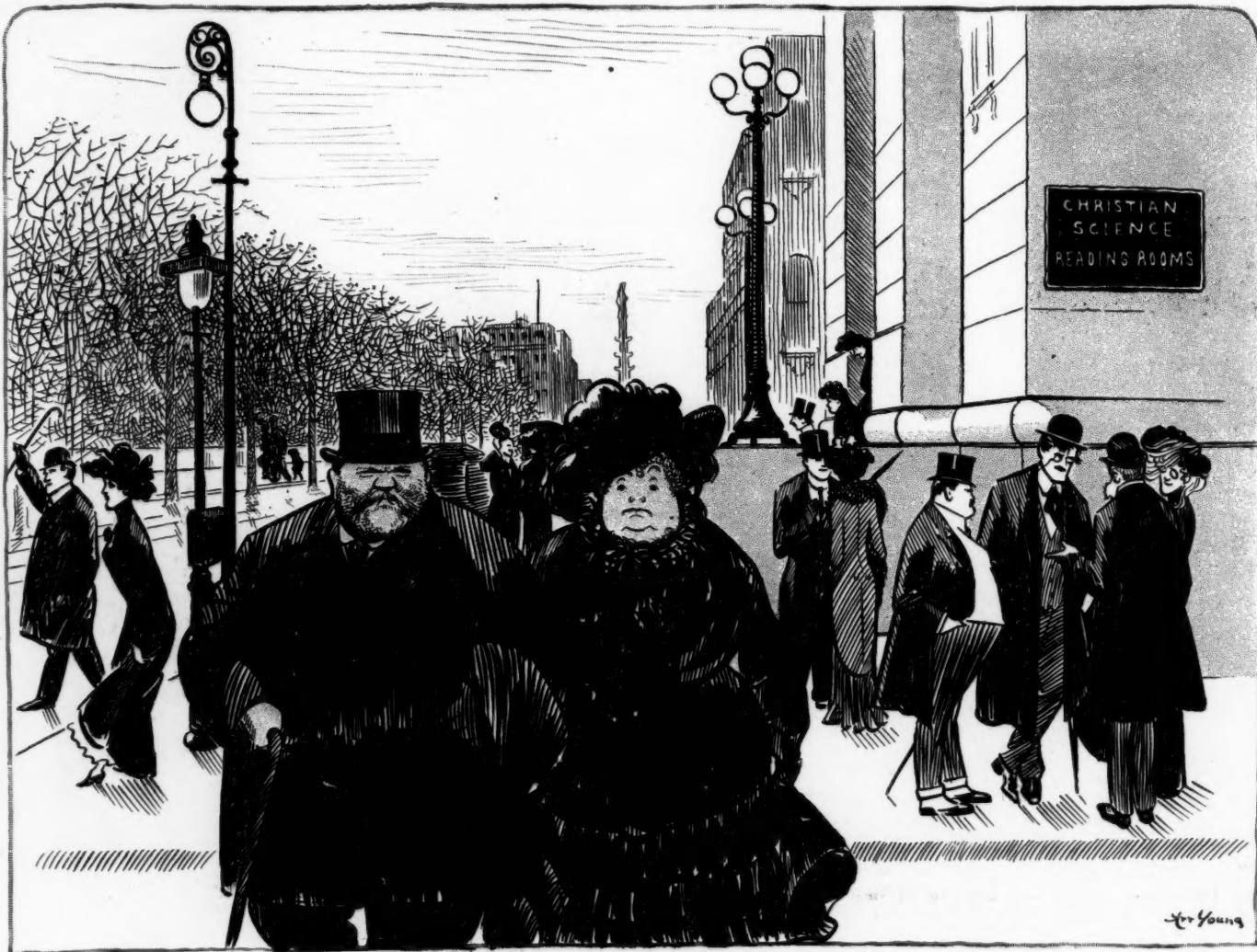
THE PUCK PRESS

LIGHTS AND SH
PITTSBURG, THE CITADEL OF

PUCK



AND SHADOWS.
THE CITADEL OF PROTECTION.



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

STOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST (to his wife).—How true it is, my dear, that we are spiritual, not material!

SOME HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HOUSEWIVES may like to know that a neat and tasteful laundry-bag can be made by taking a pair of old trowsers, sewing up the waistband, and hanging the trowsers on a door of one's bedroom. One leg can be used for collars and the other for handkerchiefs. Dainty bows of ribbon, or a few sprays of wild roses or lilies-of-the-valley painted on the legs of the trowsers, add much to the beauty of this graceful and useful laundry-bag.

It may not be generally known that a fruit-and-vegetable salad can be made by taking a pint of potato parings, a pint of gooseberries, a pint of canned peaches, and half-a-pint of horseradish. Use with this a dressing made of one teacup of any kind of good axle-grease, common office-paste, and Jamaica rum. Those who have eaten this salad say that it is wholly different from any other fruit-and-vegetable salad they have ever tasted.

A paste made of common lard and cayenne pepper will cause a child to stop sucking its thumb if smeared therewith.

The flat or insipid taste that

stewed prunes often have can be overcome by adding to each quart of prunes one quart of any kind of good whisky, two or three red peppers, and a couple of large onions. Serve with this a slice of limburger cheese on a toasted cracker, and the flat taste of the prunes will hardly be noticed. A pound of limburger, by the way, will, if kept hanging in some convenient place, completely eliminate the odors of cooking that are so unpleasant when the kitchen is very near the dining-room.

A dainty trifle for a lady to give her husband for a Christmas gift can be made by the lady taking one of her stockings and filling it full of a paste of plaster-of-paris. When the plaster has congealed, cut away the stocking. This makes a pretty paper-weight, and has about it a certain personality of the giver that no purchased gift could have.

THE BENEFICIARY.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, I honestly don't believe it does me a bit of good when you thrash me.

MR. CALLIPERS.—I begin to suspect as much, my son, but you have no idea how much good it sometimes does *me* to thrash you!

Form No. 1594.				
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.				
INCORPORATED				
23,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.				
ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.				
Receiver's No.	Time Filed	Check		
SEND the following message subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.		CENTRAL AFRICA, SEPTEMBER 26, 190		
To: EDITOR, PUCK,				
NEW YORK, U. S. A.				
YOU	MAY	BRAND	THEM	BOTH
AS	UNDESIRABLE	CITIZENS.	I	MYSELF
INTEND	DISCOVERING	NORTH	POLE	NEXT
YEAR.				
SWANA TUMBO.				
READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON BACK.				

FAC-SIMILE TELEGRAM.

WHICH, BY THE WAY, WE DIDN'T GET.

THE OLD EXCUSE.

"COME fly with me, my little maid;
Far may we go ere night.
In truth, you need not be afraid,
For well I've planned this flight."

"Nay, I'll not fly to-day, my friend,
Because," with darkening frown,
"That horrid tailor failed to send
My aeroplane gown!"

Ella Randall Pearce

SHE'D BEEN TO BOSTON.

HE MAN of two hundred and fifty-nine pounds and five-feet-six in height sat solidly on the end seat of the car, and the lady with a shopping-bag, a hat-box, a parasol, a bouquet, a suit-case, a paper bag of peaches, and three bundles, said as one having authority:

"Set over!"

He did not lift his eyes from his paper, not even when she said in a sharper tone of command:

"Set over, I say!" There was fire in her eye and a rasp in her voice. He was immovable.

"Oh, very well, sir, if you are not enough of a gentleman to set over and oblige a lady, I suppose that she can climb over you. In Boston, where I have been visiting, I did n't see no such end-seat hogs as there are in New York. They not only moved over when a lady wanted to board a car, but they got off and helped her on to the car, speshly when she was loaded down as I am, and here a man will grab on to the end seat and compel a dozen ladies to climb in over him, even when he fills all the space between the seat he is on and the seat in front of him. Of course you don't *have* to move over. No one does, but when I am sitting on the end seat, and anyone wants to get on the car, I always make it a point to move over, and so does my husband, and so would any lady; but some folks— There goes my bag of peaches! I hope you enjoy making a lady climb over you, and losing her hand-baggage,



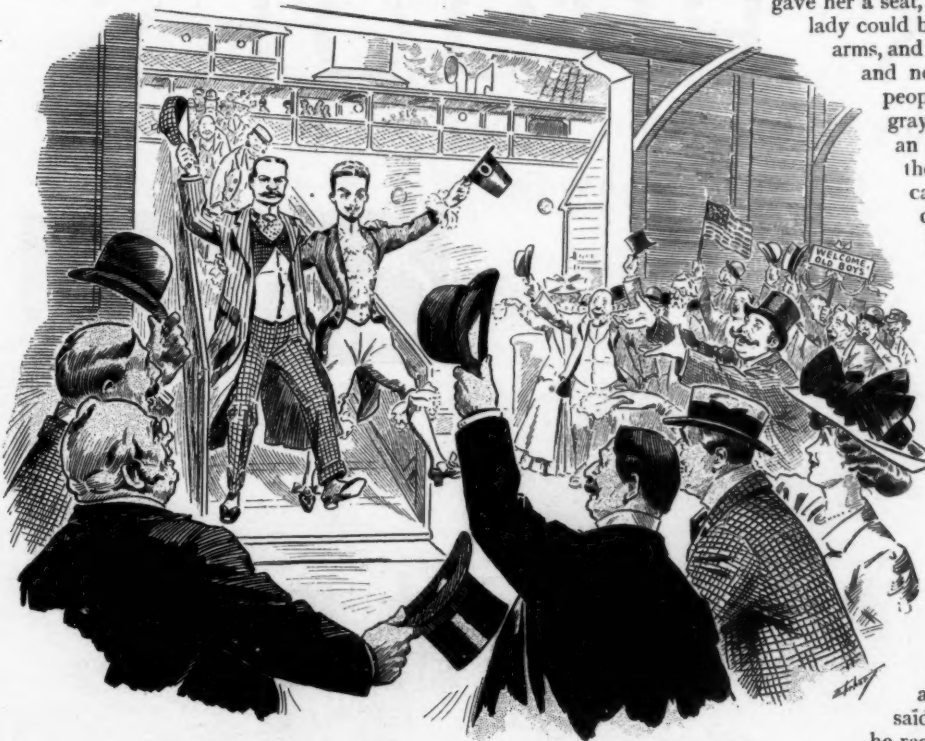
SOMETHING COMING, SURE.

MISTRESS.— You know, Melinda, we're all very fond of you. I hope you like your room and are content with your wages. I'm thinking of giving you my silk petticoat.

COOK.— Foh de Lawd, Mis' Howard! How many folkses has you been done gone an' asked foh dinner?

and causing all the ill-mannered people on the car to laugh at her. Such a thing never would happen in Boston where I have been visiting my sister and my cousins, and where I never had to stand once on a closed car. Someone was always gentleman enough to get up and give me a seat, and if he did n't the conductor would come in and make them all set up closer to make room for me, and, as I say, the end-seat hog always moved over and helped me on the car, and if my sister had her baby with her some one always got up and gave her a seat, and the conductor helped her off, but here a lady could board a car with a whole infant asylum in her arms, and her walking on crutches, and ninety years old, and no one would give her a seat, and the end-seat people never would budge! That's all the respect gray hair commands here. I went out a lot with an old aunt of mine in Boston, and the minute they saw her white hair nearly every man in the car jumped up to give her a seat, and if they didn't some younger lady did; but here in this ill-mannered place an old lady could be carried into a car on a hospital stretcher and no one would get up to give her a seat, and men on the end-seat of an open car would hang on to it like a drowning man hanging on to a spar in mid-ocean. When I was in Boston I had gentlemen get up to give me a seat when the car was n't half full, just because they had good breeding, and knew how a gentleman should act. Only once in the three weeks I was there did an end-seat pig refuse to move over, and then all the other ladies on the car looked at him so he got off at the next corner; but here a thousand ladies could look any way they pleased at an end-seat man, and it would be like water on a duck's back to him. One day in Boston I was on a car with my sister's two little children, and they both got to crying hard, and a gentleman helped me off with them and said he was glad to do so. I'm positively certain he reely meant it, for them Boston gents is politeness itself; but here in New York— Oh, you're going to get off, are you. Well, I think it's about time— indeed I do!"

Max Merryman.



IF NEW YORK HAD AN OLD-HOME WEEK.

FRENZIED WELCOME* BY THE POPULACE TO OLD BOYS ASTOR AND HYDE.
(* Open to Argument.)

Getting the money with the wife is nicer than getting the wife with the money.

ARTIST (to MODEL whom he has engaged for the winter).—And why did you leave Fletcher?

MODEL (reminiscently).—Oh! he wanted me to do "A Nymph at the Pool!"

ARTIST.—Well, surely that was n't—
MODEL (indignantly).—Was n't it? The landlord took the radiator out of his studio.—*The Bohemian*.



IN WINTER

IT'S A COLD,

IN SUMMER

IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good, pure, gentle old

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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

MODERN SCIENCE STILL TRIUMPHS.

"Do you believe surgery can ward off old age?"

"Oh, yes. Frequently the patient dies under an operation."—*Public Ledger*.

THERE was once a glove-fight in the East End of London between a negro and an Irishman.

The referee was also of Irish birth, and when in his first round the negro reached the Irish fighter's jaw and the latter's head thumped the boards with a crash that seemed to preclude further contest the following monologue took place:

"One!" (In an undertone to his gasping compatriot: "Come on, man, get up out o' that! Are yez goin' to let this black son of Ham say he knocked yez out?")

"Two!" ("Wurrah, man, can't yez raise yourself and listen to what I'm tellin' you. Come on, get up!")

"Three!" ("For the sake of your fathers that bled on many a field get up and wipe the floor with this black smoke that's grinning at you!")

"Four!" ("An' sure, are yez goin' to lie there slapin' while this limb of the devil takes all the money? Get up, I say, afore I pull you up!")

This sort of entreaty continued until, as the disgusted referee lingered on the final count, the badly-dazed Irish pugilist staggered to his feet, swung wildly at the unguarded negro and bowled him over unexpectedly. None too quick, however, for the ever-ready referee, who rushed over to where the negro was fast picking himself up and proclaimed:

"One-two-three-four-five—and five is ten. You're out, you naygur!"—*The Sun*.

"THERE was a wild African gnu Who was feeling exceedingly gblu. 'If Teddy spots me And shoots off my g,' He observed, 'what the gdeuce will I gdu?'—*The Commoner*.

WIFE.—In a battle of tongues, a woman can hold her own.

HUSBAND.—M'yes, p'raps she can; but she never does!—*Exchange*.

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ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

A better cigarette, a more delightful smoke than this, has never been produced

CAMBRIDGE 25c.
regular size

AMBASSADOR 35c.
after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box."

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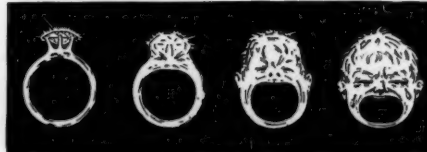
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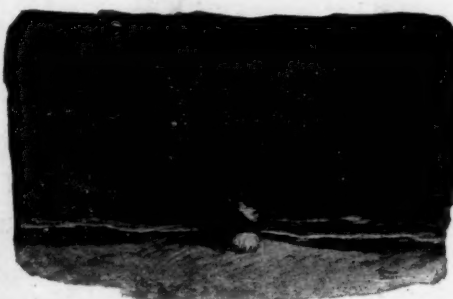
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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



THE SHAM BATTLE IN THE CHOIR.

The high-soprano started out
With naught her rush to stem.
And with a battle-cry advanced
Upon Jerusalem.

The alto met her on the road,
Engaged her in a "scrap."
The tenor on the double-quick
Came up to fill the gap

Around the theatre of war
The steady basso boomed;
Then all of them fell to at once,
Jerusalem was doomed.

The city was about to fall,
Her glory proud to doff,
When higher powers intervened,
And called the fighters off.

—The Sun.

PRAYER AND PUGNACITY.

Woman prays to get to heaven, but fights to get into society.—*Bohemian*.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

"Was your first meeting with your wife romantic?"

"Extremely so. It occurred at a picnic. I was eating a very ripe to-mato and some of it squirted into her eye!"—*Kansas City Journal*.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week.

THE OLD DOCTOR.—It's your own fault, my dear boy. You spend too much time at the club.—*Life*.

"WHERE is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller.

We saw her the other day, Jo. But she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair, and a wart on her nose, had no teeth, and wore specs.—*Tit-Bits*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H.C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and
conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty
laugh even from those unused to
smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De
Maupassant's the style is Bun-
ner's, and we are well acquainted
with that quaint humor and orig-
inality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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You smile over their delicious
absurdities, perhaps, but never
roar because they are "awfully
funny."—*Boston Times*.

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Mr. Bunner in the present vol-
ume writes in his most happy
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SETTING HIM RIGHT.

IRATE PARENT.—There's no use
talking, young man, my daughter can
never be yours.

YOUNG MAN.—Of course she can't
be my daughter; but she's going to be
my wife just the same, and the sooner
you get the idea out of your head that
she is n't the sooner you'll have room
under your lid for some other idea. —
Chicago Daily News.

COMPARED WITH CHINAWARE.

A little girl and her mother were
walking down the street, when they
came to a place where straw had been
spread over the pavement to deaden
the noise, because of the illness of a
woman living in that square.

"Oh look, mamma," cried the little
girl. "What's all that hay doing out
in the street?"

"That's because Mrs. E— has a
tiny baby, which God just sent her,"
said her mother, gently, and after a
moment's pause the little girl said
slowly:

"Gwacious, she must have been
packed well!"—*Philadelphia Times*.

HOSTESS.—It's beginning to rain.
You'll get wet. I think you'd better
stay for dinner.

DEPARTING GUEST.—Oh dear, no!
It's not raining so badly as all that.—
Sydney Bulletin.

Pears'

The skin welcomes Pears'
Soap. It gently cleanses,
freshens and beautifies.
Never irritates nor acts
harshly.

Have you used Pears'
Soap?

Get it anywhere.



'MELICAN MAN.

EARLY VOYAGER.—Nay, good Salvage, the world is
round, not flat, whereby you may see this land is China and
you a Chinaman; therefore mince me no more words, but
guide me straight to the nearest Chineese laundry, for by'r
Lady the starching in my ruff is sore shent.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your
getting the very best.

The Voice of Reason

"Drink it for
Health and
Contentment"



Always the Same
Good Old
Blatz

First in
Quality and
Character

Remember The Label

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BEER

MILWAUKEE

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE.

SIC SEMPER.

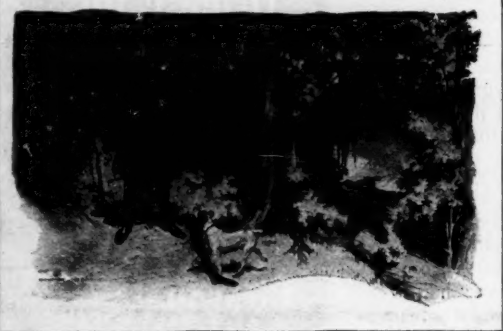
"You are all the world to me," said
the man who had been twice divorced.

"Yes," replied the pretty grass-wid-
ow, "and if I married you it would n't
be long before you would be looking
around for new worlds to conquer."—
Record-Herald.

"I SAW you kissing my daughter
from behind that palm. Now, what
have you to say to me, sir?"

"Well, I'll say nothing about it this
time, but don't let it occur again!"—
Exchange.

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By George W. Blake.

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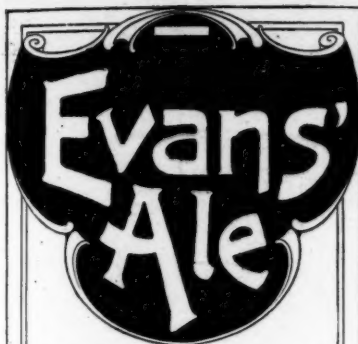


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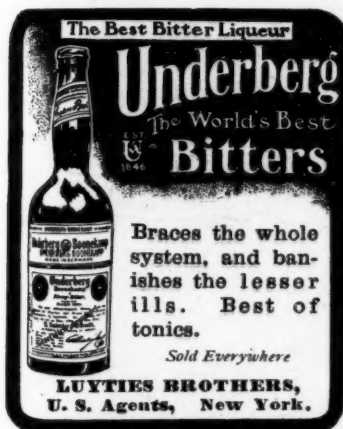


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Old Home Days and Hudson-Fulton Celebration
AT HUDSON, N. Y.
October 6th to 9th, 1909
THE HOME OF EVANS' ALE
An Old-fashioned Rousing Welcome for All.

THE teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.
"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."
"Goodness! gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—*Everybody's*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



The Best Bitter Liqueur
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The World's Best Bitters
Braces the whole system, and banishes the lesser ills. Best of tonics.
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ALAS, POOR SHAKESPEARE!

"The quality of mercy is not strained," began the speaker at the meeting of the village branch of the National Hygienic Society, whereupon Sister Hankson interrupted with: "Well, then, it ain't sanitary, and we don't want nuthin' 't do with it."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

WHAT HE GOT.

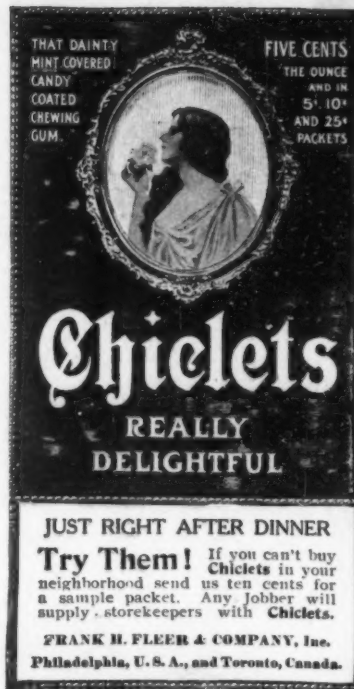
A small boy was hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said:
"Bub, what do you get for hoeing these potatoes?"
"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and h—l ef I don't." — *Saturday Evening Post*.



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Ingersoll-Trenton
A high-grade watch manufactured by the money-saving systems of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch. Has every feature of the most expensive watches. Closest timekeeper; none hand-made; will wear 20 years. Buy it from any responsible jeweler right in your own locality or prepaid by us. Write for Booklet C.
\$5 in solid nickel case \$7 in 10-yr. gold-pl'd case \$9 in 20-yr. gold-pl'd case
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 41 Frankel Bldg., N.Y.
See large magazine advertisements.

AS IT REALLY HAPPENS.

"Back from your two weeks, I see."
"Yep."
"I presume you got engaged a number of times?"
"Naw; things don't go like that in real life, somehow. I got engaged the first week all right enough, but it took me all the second week to break it off." *Wash. Herald*.



THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CREWING GUM.
FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5' 10' AND 25' PACKETS
Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER
Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

"Now, TOMMIE," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a coincidence."

"Why—er—why—me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

HUDSON AND HIS CITY NAMESAKE.

THE city of Hudson, on the Hudson River, about one hundred and fifteen miles north of New York, is one of the oldest cities in the Commonwealth, and holds a very enviable reputation by reason of its healthfulness and the natural beauty of its surroundings. It is a quiet, self-contained community, but represents a great deal of wealth, and has not a few flourishing industries.

It is a singular coincidence that this venerable city is the home of one of the first of American industries—an industry which was the natural outgrowth of our settlement by ancestors from Holland and Great Britain. Old records and traditions have it that Henry Hudson landed from the Half Moon on what is now the site of the Evans' Ale Brewery, and described in the records as a beautiful chestnut grove sloping down to a stretch of sandy beach. The famous Evans' Ale Brewery was established in Hudson one year after the incorporation of that city, which occurred in 1785. Hudson was founded by people from Nantucket, then a very important whaling station. These English settlers located their thrifty establishments in the midst of the wide stretch of fertile lands in the Hudson valley, which were then owned by the Dutch Patroon. They brought with them from the old country a natural fondness for good old ale, and here, as in the still more venerable city of Albany, a brewery was one of the first of the industries that came to be established. Benjamin Faulkins founded it, and then it fell into the hands of the Evans family, three generations of which have maintained the high reputation and popularity established for its product by the founder, and have made Evans' Ale a standard product on throughout the world.

The success of this industry is due in no small measure to the jealous care with which the Evans family have maintained the reputation of their product. Every traveler on the Hudson River Railroad who passes the city of Hudson notices the enormous brewery establishment at the base of the city, back from the river, which bears in great letters the sign of the famous and venerable Evans' Ale establishment.



Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



OUR TRAVELING INSTINCT.

"I was surprised to run across Parker while I was in New York."
"Why so?"
"Well, you see, he lives there."

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

AN OPPRESSIVE OINTMENT.

"Uncle Wash" Russell, whose piety and faithfulness no one ever questioned, was a deacon in the church and a leader in the movement to complete the partly-finished church building and stop holding services in the county-court room. The minister called on Uncle Wash to lead in prayer. What his prayer lacked in elegance it made up with fervency. In it, with North Carolina pronunciation, were these words:

"O, thou exhaustible God! An'int this here visitin' brother with the isle of Patmos!"—*Kansas City Times*.

JUSTICE AND LUCRE.

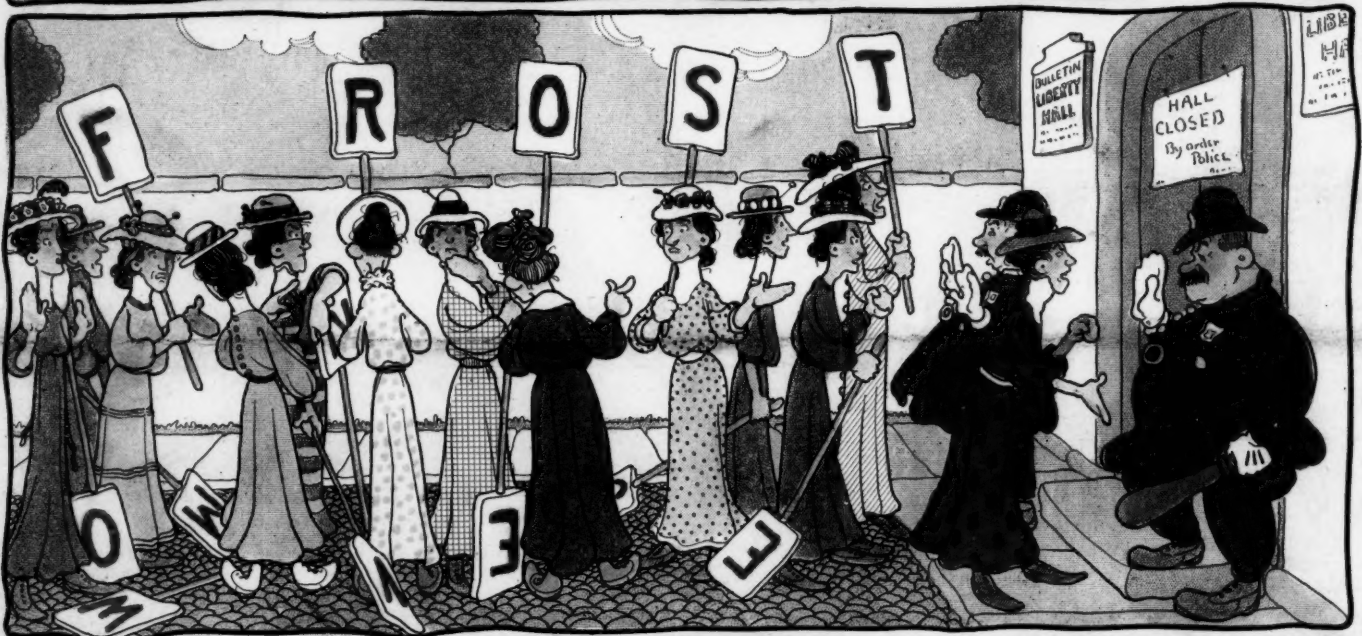
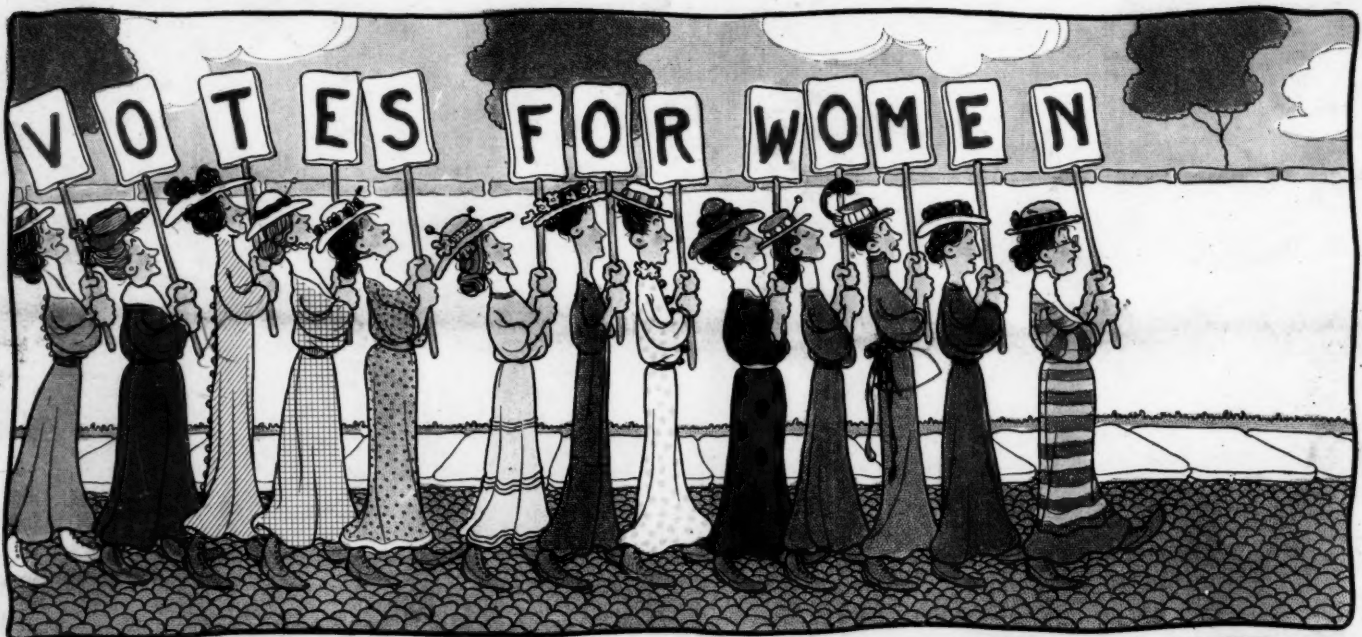
A man presented a check one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier.

"Why," said the man, "I've known men to be hanged on no better evidence than this!"

"Very likely," replied the cashier. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."—*Browning's*.

LITTLE PAT.—Pa, the pa-aper do be sayin': "Among th' prizes of th' musee'm c'lection ar-re a number of uniques." What's a unique, I dunno?

BIG PAT.—A unique is an English baste, bad cess to it, wid only wan horn. Ye'll not go to th' exhibishun!—*Cleveland Leader*.



ALAS!